

THE DIMENSIONAL
AUDIO-FASCIST

(poems)

(volume I)

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(written September, 2018)

1.

THE DIMENSIONAL AUDIO-FASCIST (pt. 3)

This is not
in the newspapers

this is not
on the television

there are unseen
and villainous
fascist in the air

in fascist kingdoms
of the air

"invisible fascist entities"

they lurk
they follow
they stalk
they spy

they spread their venom
their twisted propaganda

with voices
voices
voices
and they lie

a dark hail of arrows
tipped with lies

they seek to take prisoners

they are often
captured on recording
they are often heard
or heard about
in shadowy far corners

and when they are heard
they often lie

they obscure truth
with audio barbed wire
transform it jagged and sharp
with their fanged....
derangement of truth
they seek
to fill you with the dread
of a false realization

they seek to fill you
with remorse
they exaggerate
they enhance their lies
tremendous
they enhance their lies
skillfully
masterfully
deviously

lies now sold to you
as your life story

at times
they can be
like a stereo speaker
the size of Pennsylvania
blasting psychic gibberish
and heckles
at your head

night and day
drift apart
in tormented
audio confusion

reality
as you once knew it
has been blasted across
an ethereal sea

it's a long way back

2.

THE CAULDRONS :

It's almost ten-thirty
on the twelfth of September
and hopefully
I won't remember
how these voices
are chattering
about nothing tonight

sure.....

I guess you could call them
sentences
phrases

pieced together
out of cauldrons
of deceptions

as I become
more tired
they seem more inclined
to spew these lies
across the room

and it makes
for some unpleasant
background noise

maybe I'll play
some music

and maybe
that will send them away
back into their cauldrons

3.

ATTACKING ZEPPELINS :

There is a presence here.....tonight

a presence
that fires off voices
like Katyusha rockets

a presence
that's like
attacking Zeppelins
over London

the presence speaks
without consideration
of the listener

the presence uses voices
like rockets fired
across a continent

the presence
is opening fascist gates

the flood
the flood
audio serenades of madness

a breakdown
of what I thought I knew

it all breaks down
into
ricocheting thoughts

4.

INTRUDING ASTRAL VOICES :

Intruding astral voices
invading the room
piercing the silence
that should be there
but isn't

another Thursday night
choked with voices

telling me
what I'm not
supposed to do
or some shit like that

voices coming in
through the white noise

the shriek
of these diving
audio Stukas

they seek
audio chaos
for this room
and they seek it
to be realized

they seek
an audio-fueled
tyranny

they lurk
posing as guides
on EVP recordings

they often speak

through modified
radio devices

then they attack
and wreak havoc
through the white noise

everyday sounds and noises
of the world
turned sinister
by vile distortions

and it seems
like darkness
has fallen
even in the light of day

intruding hordes
of negative astral voices
pillaging the night

I look up at the moon
and am filled
with memories

5.

THE WHISPER IN MY EAR :

there it is again
the whisper in my ear
that will not end

there it is once more
the voice
that arrived
and has stayed
since I opened
the spiritual door

there it is
I hear it now
the voice that gives me judgements
without a trial
no.....there is to be
no trial

the verdict is guilty
these "higher life forms"
have decreed it so

the sentence
is to hear this spiritual voice
when the silence of the night
is a dream-like mirage
that always disappears

6.

THEIR SENTENCE :

The air is heavy
with voices
intrusions
an unsettled mystery
a presence
that defies the deniers

the air
is heavy with
the voices

they descend
like bats
with iron wings

their words
surround me
like a landscape
covered with thorns

their lies
seek to open up
chasms in the mind

and what can be said
the prison cell
is locked down
for the night

the voices entities
are here with me now
carrying out their sentence

all of the stars
have disappeared

7.

VOICES FROM ABOVE :

voices from above
like a radio broadcast
of psychic madness

like an abandoned
satellite
taking revenge

the voices tonight
come down from above

it's nine thirty
and they're already
wrecking the place

they're filling the silence
full of holes
giving it scars

voices
from an ethereal place
where invasions are launched

voices
from a pillbox
up in the trees
they are ready to fire

they are firing now

End

September, 2018